

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVI. No. 32

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

MAY 9, 1926

IT smelled so good when the conductor opened the door! All sweet and woodsy like the violets Uncle Bruce had sent when the Measles Dragon had swooped along through Highcliff and made Harriet one of his prisoners. And there were lovely soft sounds as if the little orchestra that lived down by Grandfather's brook were practicing its new tunes and little birds were saying their prayers.

"Green — dale — next!" called the conductor, and held up the lantern that looked like a fairy wand out of one of Harriet's books. "Green — dale — next!"

Motherdy began putting their things together. "And Grandmother!" she said softly, smiling at Harriet, "Grandmother and Grandfather and Uncle Bruce!"

Harriet didn't smile back. Harriet was wondering — it was quite a while since they had seen her — and — and she hadn't had to wear these hateful old — window panes then! Would they like her just as well as they had before the Measles Dragon got into her eyes and made her just a little cross? But perhaps she wouldn't be cross there. There were so many nice things there! Like the little book-case filled with the little books Motherdy had loved when she was a little girl, and some Harriet loved so much she had always thought she couldn't do without them, up in the funny little room where she always slept when she was at Grandmother's, under the place where the ceiling was so low she could touch it if she stood up very straight. Oh! — Harriet drew a deep breath. She wasn't going to cry, but I think perhaps it was fortunate that the train stopped just then, and Harriet had to scramble out and over to Uncle Bruce's car. Harriet was glad it was night. Even Uncle Bruce couldn't see things very well at night.

But nobody had an excuse for not seeing everything there was to be seen the next morn-

The Green Fairy-Book

By Helen Elmira Waite

ing, it was such a lovely goldy one. Harriet lay and watched the sun-spots prance over her head, over the quilt Grandmother had made when she was little, and then dance down to the woolly rug that was so soft it seemed awfully funny that it was made of rags! They made her want to go over to the book-case and find out if Peter Pan's "Tinker-Bell" had looked like that (I mean like the sun-spots, not the rags in the rug!) Oh! Harriet gave the pillow as hard a thump as if it had been responsible for her having been caught by the Measles Dragon.

But there were other things out here that were just as good as story-people! There was a brook that went winding and winding in and out of a lot of trees,

and then down over a roly meadow; and there were gardens — three or four of them! Grandmother's was the nicest, which was funny, because it was the littlest of them all — Uncle Bruce called it the "handkerchief garden" because it was so small — and there was a swing that always made Harriet feel as if she were in a magic ship. There was a swinging song in one of her books. She must read — oh, dear! Why couldn't she remember —

Somebody opened a door downstairs and a hot little smell came up to tell Harriet that if she didn't hurry breakfast would be ready before she was! Harriet sniffed. Then she sat up and reached for her stockings. Grandmother's biscuits were always good!

And something else was coming up the stairs. If you hadn't known what Harriet's Uncle Bruce could do, you would have thought it was a really-true bluebird. "Almost ready, Harry? The biscuits are. You'll have to run a race."

The biscuits won, but Harriet wasn't two minutes behind them!

Harriet loved Grandmother's kitchen. It was so big people could walk all around without falling over you. And Harriet had never seen any other kitchen have a sun clock nailed fast to the window-ledge, and Grandmother's chairs and dishes were much nicer ones than anybody else had. But Harriet missed something. Grandmother always had flowers from the "handkerchief garden" all over the house, even in the kitchen, and there weren't any this morning!

"No," said Grandmother, taking the last pan of biscuits out of the oven, "there isn't a 'handkerchief garden' this summer. I was too busy. I'm awfully sorry about it, but I'm afraid it's too late for us to have anything but weeds — unless you want to make it."

Harriet looked out of the



"What are you looking at?" Uncle Bruce wanted to know.

window. Grandmother and Grandfather couldn't understand it, but there was something inside Harriet that didn't like gardens — except to look at. Gardens didn't like Harriet, either. They just wouldn't grow for her.

Everything that Harriet visited that morning was just as nice as she had been remembering it. The brook-water was as cool and the swing just as much like a magic ship as Harriet had thought they were while the Measles Dragon was making her so dreadfully hot. There was just one trouble: When you sat in the swing you had to look at the "handkerchief garden." Harriet didn't want to look at it! It gave her a funny sore feeling in her heart. And yet, somehow, she couldn't seem to look anywhere else!

Harriet did wish there was somebody to drive those horrid big weeds that looked as though they were laughing at Grandmother's flowers, out of the way! But there wasn't. Grandmother and Grandfather and Uncle Bruce said so. Harriet knew they were sorry about it, they all looked so grave, but it seemed to Harriet she just couldn't stand it to watch those ugly weeds triumph over Grandmother's lovely garden! If — if only *she* liked to make gardens — but she didn't! She didn't! But those weeds waving like that — All of a sudden they made Harriet mad! She hopped out of the swing so quickly she almost fell out, and dashed across to the garden. She'd show those weeds.

The weeds had been growing quite a while. Some of them were taller than Harriet. I hope you won't think she was silly because, after she had pulled and pulled at some of them that made up their minds they wanted to stay in, and then one of them came out in such a hurry that Harriet sat down hard right in the middle of the pansy bed, she cried — just a little. And then, after that, she wiped her face, and got up. "Maybe — maybe if I play they're armed men, and I've got to capture them all before sunset it will be easier," she said.

Maybe it was, although Harriet hasn't told me that, but when Uncle Bruce came in for supper he saluted Harriet just as if she'd been a soldier. "Good evening, General," he said.

Harriet stared at him. How did he know about the "armed men?"

Harriet didn't like gardens any better the next morning than she had the day before, and she wanted awfully to stay in bed and pretend she'd been a little girl when Grandmother was and helped her "piece" that quilt. Isn't it funny how much more fun it is to think about the wonderful things you might have done or are going to do when you're bigger, than it is to get up and do them now? But there were lots of those "armed men" left! Harriet tumbled out.

It was almost a week before the whole army would surrender, and when it had

Harriet felt like crying again. She had never seen Grandmother's garden look so lonely! There were only a few sweet-williams and hollyhocks and pansies and portulacas, and most of them looked as if they were too discouraged to want to do anything! But perhaps, now the weeds were gone, Grandmother would have time to make things nice again. But Grandmother didn't think so. She said she thought the garden would like to have Harriet to help it keep growing.

"But I don't know how!" wailed Harriet.

"Oh, perhaps I'll find the time to show you a little about it," said Grandmother, putting a spoonful of cocoa into her bowl. "How many chocolate cookies do you want, Harriet?"

Harriet wanted to know how you made discouraged gardens pretty again, and even with Grandmother's help it was hard work, and it was awfully discouraging to leave your baby sweet peas standing up at night and then go out the next morning and find them lying down as if they were tired! But when Harriet turned around there was a frilly hollyhock looking at her from its tall stem. It reminded Harriet of a lovely princess looking out her castle window — Harriet stood still. If there was one princess in her garden there might be more! There were! The funny little portulacas looked like little elves running all over the ground, and the mignonettes were so sweet they surely must be good fairies, and the sweet-william — why, Sweet

William had been a little duke, hadn't he? And he was bringing the hollyhock princess a magic cloak made out of the pansies' velvet. Why — why gardens were just like fairy stories — and she had always hated them! But it was! It *was* like a fairy-book you'd just begun and didn't know how it was going to end! Harriet stood straighter. Why, she could make this fairy-story-garden end just as she wanted it to end! Why —

"What are you looking at?" Uncle Bruce wanted to know.

"At my green fairy-book," said Harriet. You could tell things to Uncle Bruce.

"Your soldiers are certainly looking splendid," Uncle Bruce pointed to the daffodils holding their green spears straight up in the air. "Have you noticed the diamonds in their caps?"

Harriet bent to look. And then she nodded. "But I never saw them before!" she confessed.

"You hadn't borrowed Prince Dolar's magic spectacles before," Uncle Bruce reminded her. "You never saw a lot of things. Don't you think they make a difference?"

Harriet didn't know what to think. But she did know that something inside her was doing something it had never done before. It was an awfully funny little something! It made her want to cry and laugh and sing all at once!

"Well, anyway," she said, "I've found the Green Fairy-Book, and it's the nicest one I ever had!"

Before Elinor's Party

By Marguerite Geibel

"I'M glad my mother doesn't have to work in the kitchen and look all frowzy. Mother's hands are always pretty." Elinor Norton had no intention of hurting Monica's feelings, nor Alice's. She was simply very proud of her attractive mother.

Alice Burman did not appear to notice, and Monica, her fists clenched, couldn't think of a word to say. They had just come from Cora Porter's, and Mrs. Porter, who evidently was cleaning, had come to the door to say that Cora was out.

When Monica reached home, she looked frowningly at her mother's plain house dress. "Mother, Mrs. Burman is always dressed up. I wish you were."

"I wish so too, Monica," her mother answered quietly, as she screwed the top on a can of strawberries. "If you'll just watch and see how she manages it, and let me know, I'll be very grateful. You're over there enough to get some pointers for me."

Mrs. Pickard spoke lightly, but Monica knew she was hurt. She looked out of the window, silently, wondering just what she could say to make it right.

"Of course Mrs. Burman hasn't two boys. That's partly it," Monica decided aloud.

"I've been canning berries all this week," Mrs. Pickard offered.

"And housecleaning before that," Monica added quickly.

Not quite sure whether her mother had been serious about "getting pointers from Mrs. Burman," Monica picked up a book of Alice's and walked slowly over. On the way she thought of other girls' mothers. Mrs. Harmon always looked nice, and never seemed rushed and tired — "dragged" looking. In a way she seemed girlish beside Mrs. Pickard, though Monica knew she was about the same age.

"Come in, Monica," Alice called. "I'm busy out in the kitchen." Her friend found her sitting at the sink peeling potatoes.

Smilingly Mrs. Burman greeted the caller as she shook out a summery tissue gingham she was about to press.

"Mother's been canning, too," Monica remarked, as she glanced at a row of fruit.

"Alice hulled all the berries, while I ironed, this morning. I never could have managed it if she hadn't."

"Mother's mending now. The boys

tear their clothes so." Monica stopped abruptly as a thought struck her. She had come for pointers, — and had plenty of them, in no time at all!

"I'm going right back, Alice," she added on a sudden decision.

"Oh! Don't go, Monica. I'll soon be through. I thought you were going to stay for the afternoon." Alice was plainly disappointed.

But Monica was edging toward the door. "I have a lot of things to do, Alice. I'll see you after dinner."

Monica hurried home. "Mother, don't you want me to rip up that dress of yours — the one you wanted to make over?"

Mrs. Pickard looked up in surprise. "Why, I wish you would, Monica. It looks as if this mending would keep me going all afternoon, and I did want to get that dress ready. I need something cool, and haven't had time to do any sewing for myself."

In one minute Monica was kneeling over a trunk, getting out her mother's last summer dresses which she had not had time to go over. She hunted up the new pieces and, carrying them downstairs, began to rip — always a slow job. She pressed the seams and hunted up patterns.

"Now, Mother, if you want to work at your dress, I'll mend the stockings. I can darn them all right. You've done the important things."

Doubtfully Mrs. Pickard looked at the clock. "It's three o'clock now. I'd like to work at the dress, but I have to go to the store, and get things ready for dinner. I haven't had time to think of it."

"No. You go on with the dress and I can prepare things for dinner. I'll have time to go to the store, too. That will give you three hours, if no one interrupts."

No further coaxing was necessary. Six o'clock found Mother in a very becoming summery blue.

"It's amazingly becoming, Mother. I was so tired of seeing you in that dark skirt and plain blouse."

Once started on her reform of the home schedule, Monica was relentless. The boys were marshalled around to pick up belongings. When they objected, Monica met their objections promptly with: "Mrs. Burman is always dressed up, and Mother is always working around in her old clothes, just on account of us."

"I like Mother in her old clothes," Paul asserted.

"Do you like her to have to wear them because she's working and waiting on us?" Monica inquired.

"No-o-o," Paul admitted.

After discovering that there were certain things that must be done before her mother could "doll up," as Monica called it, she saw that those things were done.



Mother's Story

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

Of all the stories Mother tells
The one I like the best
Is "When I was a little girl,"
It's nicer than the rest!

It tells about the little horse
Our Mother rode to school,
And what she did on Christmas,
Hallowe'en and April Fool.

It's fun to think that Mother
Was once as small as I,
And that she played the games we play
And liked to make mud pie!

That once her frocks were short as
mine
And her hair used to curl.
Why, "once upon a time" she was
Just Grandma's little girl!

The everyday things Monica managed herself, leaving her mother free for the special things that were always cropping up.

It was really surprising to Monica to see how much sewing her mother could accomplish with her daughter's help. But what pleased her most was the fact that her mother was steadily growing younger, prettier, less tired looking.

"I'm going to have a party, the last of June, Monica. You'll come, won't you?" Elinor asked, the next time they met.

"Of course I'll come, Elinor." Monica hurried home to tell her mother.

"And O Mother! I wish I didn't have to wear that white dress again. It's pretty, but I've worn it to every party for the last year, besides church and other places."

Mrs. Pickard smiled. "Maybe I can conjure up something. I've been working on something I've wanted to make for you for the last three years, but there was always something you needed, a white that would stand any amount of washing, or a dark one to play in." Monica's mother opened a paper as she spoke, and

held up the prettiest yellow organdie Monica had ever seen.

Monica hopped up and down excitedly. "O Mother, if you'd been a fairy god-mother you couldn't have done any better! How did you ever guess it?"

"I've guessed for years that an olive skin and dark hair just call for yellow." She glanced at Monica's dark locks.

On the way downstairs, after putting away the precious dress, Monica thought of another problem.

"Mother, you know it's Elinor's birthday. She didn't say so, but I know it's a birthday party. I don't want to give her a handkerchief or some little thing like that. I wish I had something pretty."

"I'll have time to make something, dear. I'll show you when it's done."

Monica was curious, but confident that it would be something quite satisfactory. When, however, Mrs. Pickard produced a dainty white nightgown with a crocheted yoke, her daughter squealed with delight.

"Why, I just love to give pretty things like this, Mother! I know Elinor will be

(Continued on page 194)

THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Happiest Boy in the World

AN old legend tells us that once upon a time, many, many years ago, there was a little prince who lived in a big, beautiful castle. The king, his father, loved him very dearly and gave him everything he could wish for, and yet with all these things the little prince was not happy, but was always asking his wealthy father to get something to make him happy. One day a magician came to this beautiful palace, and when he saw the unhappy little prince he said to the king: "I know how to make your little boy happy, but you must pay me my price for telling you the secret." "I want my son happy," said the king, "so I am willing to pay you anything you ask." The magician named his price and the king was astonished. He then took the little boy into one of the private rooms of the palace, and he wrote with something white on a piece of paper and gave it to the prince. "Here is a candle," said the magician; "when I am gone hold it under this paper and read the words which will then appear." Then the magician went away and would not take any pay at all. The little prince held the blank paper over the candle and these words appeared in blue letters: "Do a kindness to someone every day." The prince thought that was a very easy way to find happiness, and he started out to do so. That was the big secret that made him the happiest boy in all the great kingdom.

News from the Schools

The Church School at San Diego, California, has been experimenting in a limited way with the project method of instruction, as an auxiliary to the regular Beacon Course. The results are more than justifying the extra effort required.

Three projects have been used:

1. A class of boys, ages 11-12 years, has made (during Sunday-School hours) a set of sixty-six wooden blocks, each of the size and shape of a small Testament, one to represent each book of the Bible. The class has also made a small case-like box that exactly contains the "sixty-six books." Each class of the school will be given an opportunity to play a game with these "books." The game will be to see who can arrange the books in the proper sequence in the shortest time. The champion of each class will compete with the other class champions for supremacy.

2. The senior-high class has issued two numbers of *The Unitarian Mentor* thus far this year. This is a publication

strictly for the Church School, consisting of original editorials, news items, essays, poems and jokes contributed by the members of the school, and arranged in proper order as a typewritten manuscript, which is read to the school by the editor-in-chief. No. 3 of Vol. 1 is now being prepared.

3. One of the regular Sunday morning sessions was varied by holding a "Junior Open Forum." After the opening exercises of songs and responsive readings a twenty-minute address was given by Mr. Seymour Beach Conger, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a recently returned Associated Press Correspondent from Germany and Russia. He told of the education of the boys and girls in those countries and in particular about their religious education. At the conclusion of his address he answered questions asked by members of the school.

Ants

By Irving Magill

(This article was written by a small boy in the Unitarian Church School at Oakland, California, after having the lesson on "Ants" in "God's Wonder World." His teacher does not vouch for the accuracy of all of his statements, but he certainly has learned much of the habits of these busy little creatures. The Editor.)

Ants are very small insects. They have no eyes and thirteen noses. Ants can live eight days without food and can live eight days under water. They hear by vibration, and know if anyone is coming.

In every ant hill there is a mother ant, who is the Queen Ant. She lays all the eggs. There is a father ant, who is very lazy, and does not live very long. There is a nurse ant, who takes care of the baby ants. She takes the little cases that the babies are in to the warm places. The baby ants have to be handled very carefully. There are door-keepers, too.

Ants are very fond of honey-dew, which they obtain by milking very small green flies called aphids. By stroking the aphids' backs, the ants make them give up a sweet fluid.

The ants dig long tunnels. They move big rocks and sticks that are in the ground. They all work together. The ants in big armies attack larger insects. They will attack an ant from another

hill. They do not like anything that reflects, so they cover it up with dirt.

Once some men kept a Queen away from her hill for 136 days. When they put her back the small ants would not go near her. When the large ants came out they went nearer and nearer. Then the older ones recognized her, and brought her back into the ant hill. Ants have many passages in their hills.

Some ants build mounds knee high. They use these as nurseries and dwellings during the warm half of the year. They have many passages under the mounds. They live in the passages during the cold part of the year. They build mounds to keep the eggs and the young warm. Some ants live in trees, and slowly carve their tunnels as the other ants do.

A Song of Praise

By JANE R. JOHNSON

I wakened one morning early
Before it was quite light,
And heard the robins singing,
Singing with all their might!

It sounded so very cheery
I wanted to sing too,
And I did, softly, so as not
To wake Mother, you know.

And when I told her about it,
She said 'twas their song of praise,
They are thanking the Father who
made them,
For this their song they raise.

Blossom Time

By IVY GRANT MORTON

The trees are full of fairies now
All dancing in the breeze,
Some blowing bubbles of perfume
Or playing with the bees.

But when they're tired of frolicking
And want to see the town,
They spread their skirts for parachutes
To come a-sailing down.

Before Elinor's Party

(Continued from page 193)

pleased. I don't see how you ever got the time to do it."

"A month ago I shouldn't have had. The couple of hours' help you give me every day make possible numberless things I couldn't do otherwise. I feel better too, and —"

"Look better!" Monica interrupted promptly and proudly. "You ought to hear the compliments I get on my good-looking mother."

Monica heaved a sigh of relief as her thoughts returned to the yellow dress and the dainty nightgown. "My! I was lucky to start in plenty of time before Elinor's party!"

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in U. S. A.

"WELL," said William to his general, "I guess there never was a king in such a fix before!"

"Nor a general, either," replied Gigi gloomily.

It was the morning after the capture. The royal prisoner and the faithful old general were occupying the tower room of the once-formidable castle. The one door, huge and thick and studded with iron, was locked and barred on the outside. The one window was protected with vertical bars of iron. Sapp and his mates had done a thorough job. Two chairs and a table, on which stood a jar of water and a basket of food, were all the furniture.

Old Gigi began suddenly to pace the floor like a caged lion. "That politician Sapp! That treasonable rogue! Lax, Manx, Glum, Von Gloom — rogues, all of them, rogues and politicians!"

"There, there, General," said William consolingly; "it's of no use to rage and roar. We must use all our energy trying to get free somehow."

The boy walked to the window and looked down. The rain had ceased, and the mists were rising in the sunlight. The red roofs of Strifegrad were shining as if freshly painted. Gigi joined him and straightway exclaimed:

"Ha! There goes the army! See them marching forth — to drill, I suppose. That looks like Von Gloom at the head."

"We must find a way out of this prison," said William. "I suppose Sapp is a man of his word."

"I'm afraid so, in this case," Gigi replied.

The night before Sapp had told his prisoners that he would keep them confined until the day following the feast. After that, when Sapp had been crowned king, he wasn't quite sure what he would do with them; he might banish them, or he might do something not so pleasant.

At the moment the Minister of the Interior was in the council chamber with Lax and Manx. Von Gloom and Glum were at work — the Minister of War, as William and Gigi had seen, drilling the troops so they shouldn't disgrace themselves on Coronation Day, and the Minister of State trying to write a coronation speech that would reflect more glory on himself than on Sapp.

"Every cook in the country is baking mince pies," remarked Sapp. "The young upstart's plan is good, and I intend to follow it out. What the people want most is food."

"How about the little Jones girl?" inquired Manx.

"I'm going to make her queen," replied Sapp.

"Why don't you pick somebody who has money?" said Manx avariciously.

Lax laughed. "What's to be done about

His Majesty William Smith

*By Russell Gordon Carter

CHAPTER VIII

the old general and the young particular?" he asked.

"I've already let it be known that they've gone on a hunting expedition to the Alps," said Sapp. "The day before the feast I'll tell the people word has just come that they were buried in a snow-slide."

"That's a cool way of disposing of them," said Lax.

"Let's get to work," said Sapp shortly.

Under the driving hand of the Minister of the Interior preparations went swiftly forward for the great day. The royal pantry was stocked with mince pies, piles and piles of them that reached the ceiling. Thousands of sandwiches were made and stored in the cool, damp cellars of the palace. Fowls were roasted; hams were boiled, and fancy fish from the river were cooked in oil and hung up to dry.

As for the other preparations, Mary Jones, sitting at the window, never tired of watching the men work in the courtyard below. It was fascinating to watch them. She would waken from a nap and look down, and there would be hundreds of Chinese lanterns swinging from the trees and from long wires stretched from building to building. Awakening from another nap, she would see an immense flag-draped band-stand that apparently had grown like a mushroom. And looking down again an hour or two later, she would see a large platform bedecked with gay silken drapings and pennants; that was the coronation chair.

But Mary was troubled; not a word had she had either from the king or from the old general. She had been told that all the preparations were for Coronation Day, when she should be crowned queen. That was very nice, thought Mary, but wasn't it a little odd that the king didn't come and tell her something about it?

The afternoon of the day before the great event Sapp was ushered into the Rosebud Suite. He was dressed in his best, and his beard was neatly combed. He bowed.

Mary, who was dreadfully lonesome, greeted him with a smile. "You are —"

"I am the Minister of the Interior," Sapp explained.

"Oh," said Mary, "you're the one who's been giving all the nice banquets! Did the king send you?"

Sapp frowned and fingered the rosebud in his buttonhole; he had put it there at Lax's suggestion. "No, the king didn't send me," he replied. "The king isn't doing any sending these days —

or any receiving either. He's in a cool, dry place."

He spoke with so much ill-concealed malice that Mary caught her throat.

"What — what do you mean?" she cried, starting to her feet.

"I am dictator of Bungalia," was the quiet reply. "Tomorrow I shall be crowned king, and you shall be crowned queen. I thought you'd like to know."

Mary clutched the back of the chair to steady herself. "But William —" she stammered.

"He and Gigi are safe in Castle Bludstone," said Sapp. "There has been a slight — er — revolution. I am in control. After tomorrow I shall — er — dispose of them."

Poor Mary felt the room swimming around her. Her eyes were wide with terror. By a tremendous effort she controlled herself — a circumstance that speaks well for her sturdy peasant stock.

"I hope your ankle is quite well by now," Sapp said graciously.

"Thank you; it seems as good as ever," replied Mary mechanically.

"And I hope my little plan meets with your approval," continued the Minister.

Mary bit her lip hard. In a flash she remembered the gallant young king as he bent over her there in Kreigwallensteinberg, remembered him as he defied the mob who would have torn him to pieces. Oh, she must save him! She wanted to cry, but with an effort she kept back the tears.

"Your plan," she said, smiling a little, "seems to me just what anyone might expect from a man like you."

Sapp beamed at her. "Thank you for the compliment," he said and added, "I hope you like my appearance."

"There isn't another beard like yours in all Bungalia," said Mary. To herself she added: "It looks terrible!"

Sapp beamed more than ever, for to praise a Bungalian's beard is the highest compliment you can offer him.

"The fete begins at noon tomorrow," he said. "Be ready by eleven, and I shall come for you."

Mary nodded, and with another bow the man who would be King Sapp of all the Bungalians quitted the room.

Mary, left alone, walked hastily to the window and peered out toward the ancient stronghold on the hill, where the young king and his general were confined. She could see the old tower with its one window. She gave a little start. In the window were the faces of the two prisoners. They seemed to be struggling with one of the bars.

"Oh!" breathed Mary, clenching her hands together hard. "I must save him!"

(To be continued)

"Daddy, do you love me still?"

"Yes, dear; but you never are."



Dear Club Members:

Such an interesting lot of letters as we have in our Post Box, this week, and from all over the country! Will some of our Canadian girls, about twelve years of age, note what Lydia Evans says about wishing for a Canadian correspondent?

THE EDITOR.

2401 ALBANY STREET,
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

Dear Editor: I want to join the Beacon Club, so I am sending you this letter. I am ten years old, and I am in the sixth grade at school. I am attending the Unitarian Sunday School. In my class we are studying "God's Wonder World." I like it because I like outdoor life. I learn about birds, animals, flowers, and trees. In *The Beacon* I like exciting continued stories. Beside that I like to solve the puzzles.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES PRIEST.

163 BEACON STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club very much if you will please send me the pin.

I go to the Arlington Street Church and Sunday School, and I like it very much.

I wonder if you have any Canadian members, because I am one. I should like some member of my age to write to me very much. I am twelve years old and go to the Lee School, and I am in the ninth class.

I am sending you a poem that I wrote and hope to send in a story soon. I love the stories that are printed in *The Beacon*, and always read the letters, puzzles, and poems, and I read it from end to end.

Yours sincerely,

LYDIA EVANS.

1355 BELLAIRE STREET,
DENVER, COLORADO.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to become a Beacon Club member and wear your pin. I go to the Unity Church School. Our class is named for Louisa May Alcott. My birthday is on the 11th of September and I am thirteen years old. I would like to find a twin to correspond with.

Sincerely yours,

CHRISTINE BURRAGE.

Dear Cubs:

Betty MacKay (whose address we have mislaid) and Clara Belle Rogers, of Lynn, Mass., are the winners of awards for the best stories submitted this week. If Miss Betty will send us her address we will see that an award pin is sent to her.

Will Louise Wilson, whose story appeared in the issue for March 7, also send us her address?

THE EDITOR.

The Buttercup

BY BETTY MACKAY (AGE 11)

ONCE upon a time in a land much the same as ours, a tiny golden buttercup grew in a woodland dell. It was seldom seen, and only wished to live a quiet life in among the slender grasses. But this was not to be.

One day a sweet-faced young girl came to its modest abode, and idly plucked some of the flowers, among them our buttercup. Soon she went back to town, and carried them with her.

She went to a massive grey building, and into a long room, containing many little beds. The children in them cried out, saying, "Oh, it is dull, and you must play with us, Miss Helen!" But she said, "I only came to give you these flowers, for I have been in the country," and she distributed the blossoms.

It happened that our buttercup fell to the lot of a little girl, who had not long ago lost her sight. She smiled wanly, and said, "I cannot see it, but I know it is bright and gay." She loved it dearly, and kept it, and when, soon after, she died, it was in her hand and a smile on her lips.

Tommy's Kind Deed

BY CLARA BELLE ROGERS

TOMMY BLACK was a farmer's boy. He loved the quiet woods and often played there, taking with him his little dog "Dash." One day as he and Dash were walking through the woods he heard a strange cry. It came from the bushes near by. The cry became louder as Tommy neared the bushes. When he looked in the bushes to find out what it was he saw a rabbit that was wounded in its leg. Tommy took it home and fixed its leg tenderly. When the rabbit's leg got well it ran away. Tommy was very sorry to lose the rabbit but he was glad he had been able to help him.

Enigma

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 2, 3, is the opposite of she.

My 4, 7, are the initials of a Club.

My 1, 5, 6, is something to drink.

My 8, 9, is not off.

My whole is a paper we all like.

MARY ELOISE ANDERSON.

Beheadings

1. Behead a grain and have warmth; behead again, and have to devour; again and have a preposition; curtail, have an article.

2. Curtail an old-fashioned musical instrument and have backbone; behead, have a tree; curtail, have a pointed fastener; curtail, have mixed type; behead, and have a pronoun.

3. Behead a game and have hush; curtail, have a possessive pronoun; behead, and have exists; curtail, and have a pronoun.

4. Curtail to bleach and have a part of the eye; curtail, and have a jot; behead, and have to strike; behead, and have a pronoun; curtail, have a pronoun. — *Boylard.*

Charade

A part of corn you'll find my first;
My second, a trap — the very worst;
My whole, a net placed low or high
By spider shrewd to catch the fly.

M. L. H.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 30

Enigma I. — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Enigma II. — Silence is golden.

Twisted Cities of the United States.

—1. Denver. 2. Springfield. 3. Washington. 4. New York. 5. Atlanta. 6. Trenton. 7. Savannah. 8. Portland. 9. Pittsburg.

The following new members of the Beacon Club would be pleased to have other members correspond with them:

Helen F. Beever (10), Plymouth, Mass.; Virginia Lewis (12), 432 Dedham St., Newtonville, Mass.; Rena C. Tyler, (9), Northfield, Mass.; Betty-Grace Griffith (11), 15 Beechwood Place, Hillside, N. J.; Alma Yorke (10), 19 Beech St., Gardner, Mass.; Ruth Butler (11), Duxbury, Mass.; Elaine Louise Wainwright (11), 17 Winthrop St., West Newton, Mass.; Opal Hooker (15), Spray, N. C.